





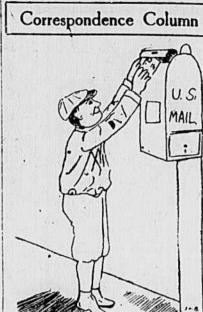




Drawn by Mollie Lieberman

VOTES. FOY 7.0.C.C.

Drawn by Sarah Waddill.



ope You Will Like II.

Dear Editor.—I have been in the country
if the summer and didn't have time to
rite. I had just came back. I was out
laying this morning when one of my girl
lends said. "Eisle, you won a T.-D. C. C.
rize, didn't you?" I was surprised. I
rent to see, and sure chough it was true,
of I thought I'd send you my address. I
m sending a puzzle, and I hope to see ELSIE COBB.

Dear Editor,—I saw where I got a prize three or four weeks ago, but haven't received it yet. You know, editor, I am child-like and look each day to see if it has come. You can't imagine how surrised I was when I saw where I had gotten a prize. Bird contest was grand, I think, Please excuse such bad writing. Your loving member,

DOROTHY HUDSON.

Glad You Like it.

Glad You Like It.

Dear Editor.—Inclosed you will find a drawing, which I would like to see in the Sunday's paper If there is roose worth I thought the contest was fine. Well I will have to close. Your loving member. LUCY E. PARTRIDGE.

Maybe You Didn't Send It in Time.

Dear Editor.—I thought the contest was fine. but I failed to see my composition on the page. It may have been that I wrote with fountain pen, but I wrote my second composition in blue link. I am a friend of Lucy Partridge, and I am sending my letter in hers. I have been corresponding with foundain pen, but I wrote with fountain pen, but I wrote my second composition in blue link. I am a friend of Lucy Partridge, and I am sending my letter in hers. I have been corresponding with hills Gary for a good while. Well, good-by. Your devote my second while well good-by. Your devote the went to Mr. W. B., but I don't know.

P. 8.—My work might have went to Mr. W. B., but I don't know.

Dear Editor.—I am sending you a drawing, which I hope will not go to old Mr. Paper Basket. Your member.

DONALD BLACKWELL.

Likes Contest.

Dear Editor,—Inclosed find a drawing, which I hope to see in this Sunday's paper. The contest was fine. Hoping to win a prize, yours truly. PHILIP ELISS.

Drize. yours truly.

We Don't Vote Any More.

Dear Editor.—Lesonie (my slater, you know) is very III, but wants me to write and say that she votes for me. She doesn't want you to think she does it because I am her slater, but says she would vote for me even if I wern't. I feel very much complimented by it, of course, and please don't think it is favoritism, for it isn't What a splendid contest! It was hard to choose the one I thought was best—so hard—but I at last decided on Virsinia. Fore's pretty poem, "A Band of Bluebird. I don't think we have ever had a batter contest, do you? I don't know who suggested it but I do know that it must be to be the complete of the course well enough what winner. I think Wray Beaking about the winner. I think Wray Beaking about the Miss Fore, with George II could name many more who came next, and next, and I can truly say that there wasn't a bad contribution there. Your oid member.

VALERIE MANNING DE MILHAU.

Dear Editor.—You can't imagine my disappointment when I did not see my story on either of the contest pages. Didn't you get my story in time? I certainly sen it in time, or did you get my story at all? The contest was just fine; the best I believe that ever we have had, since I have ever been a member, which will be three years this fall. I am sending a continued story, in, which I hope you will print. Your loving member.

PHILIS GIBSON GARY. Lester Manor, PHILIS GIBSON GARY,

Study Your Rules Carefully. Dearest Editor.—I was very much sur-prised at seeing my name with the prize-winners. I am sending in a poem and puzzle this time. Hope to see them both in print. Your loving member. ELIZABETH LEWIS

Thinks Contest Fine.

Dear Editor.—Inclosed is a picture for the correspondence column. The contest pages were fine. In fact, the best we have ever had. School starts next week. James W. is sending a picture, too. Best wishes to you and all the members.

Biackstone, Va.

Blackstone, Va.

Likes Prize.

Dear Editor.—Excuse me for not writing before, but I have been busy all the summer. Thank you so much for the prize. I think it is just fine. I think the bird contest was fine. Vacation is nearly over. I have never seen a summer pass so quick. I am sending in a puzzle. Your loving member.

EMMA COLEMAN REDD.

Beaver Dam, Va. COLEMAN REDD. That Is Fine.

Dear Editor.—I am going to send in a grawing, which I hope is going to be good enough for the Times-Dispatch. When I loined I got one of my friends. Mary Hatch to John I think the bird contest was very good. Will now close.

MARJOHIE VAN WARNER.

Petersburg, Va.
P. S.—Please excuse blue ink, as I have no black.

Write on One Side of Sheet Only.

Dear Editor.—I am sending in a little story which I hope can be published. On the first story I wrote I won a prize, but never have gotten it. Your member.

KATHERINE V. WINN.

Work for It.

Dear Editor.—I have just had the misfortune to hose my honor badge. I would relie to hose lost anything else but that the lost anything else but that he led have led an get another one. It but it of course. As I don't stand any show of ever winning another one. Inclosed you will find a drawing. Your member, Goodlees, Spotsylvania Co., Va.

ALMA'S NEW HOME.

Once upon a time a little girl named lice, who lived at her city home, was playing on the lawn, when she saw ; poor little girl going along the street Alice called the giri to her, asked where she was going and where she lived. The little girl (whose name was Alma) said she was hunting a new home; that her parents were dead, and the family that she had been livery that the state of the said she was had been livery that the said she was had been livery that the said her said the said said. ing with treated her so badly that she left. Alice knew a rich old lady where Alice knew a rich old lady whose niece had been staying with her until she died. So Alice told Alma about her and took her to the old lady's home, and she lived happy ever after. FRANCES MCPEAK.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Just after the battle, mother, l am thinking of no other Except you, my dear, Wishing you were here. Oh! mother, can't you hear me calling you?

I love to look into your eyes of blue. I am sorry you were left behind me, I wish you were here beside me, Oh! dearest mine, I'm coming back, mother mine.

MEREDITH RADCLIFFE.



Editorial and Literary Department

ABOUT YOUR CONTEST.

My Dear Girls and Boys:

herself, for John was very bad that year. ALICE BARKSDALE.

"MERRYSONG"

Merrysong was very sad. She thought sorry as I can be, because I know how anxious all of you were to take part in it; but never mind, for we are going to have another grand one pretty soon. Then you can make up for lost time and write some fine articles for that.

I am still debating over the prize-winner, for so many good things were winner, for so many good things were set in it is surely a hard matter to decide, but I will certainly lef you know next Sunday. Also next Sunday and going to announce the fong that the months. Are you very sorry that set in the school-time is almost here?

YOUR EDITOR:

I am just as reading. The little girl had looked up twice from her book, and then she window. The cool morning breeze biew her soft brown curis against her rosy cheeks, then she looked at Merrysong with her bright black eyes. Then the girl went away, but soon came back with some fresh bread-crumbs. She went again to her reading after spreading the crumbs on the window-sill. Merrysong came and happened until Mildred and Merrysong this had happened until Mildred and Merrysong.

YOUR EDITOR:

YOUR EDITOR:

I am still debating over the prize-winner, for so many good things were soon came back with some fresh bread-crumbs. She went again to her reading the crumbs on they knew to cook for them and camp to out for a while. It was July. Tom's father had consented for him to go if Dick could go with him.

"Sure, Tom, of course I can."

The was a namedom.

He was a namedom.

I am still dear had been saying the window nice it would be to take a tent, some provisions and an old negro man they knew to cook for them and camp they knew to cook for them and they knew to cook for them.

The was a namedom.

He was a name

months and many more who came sate and sate who came sate

with us. In the meantime John was listening what his parents was saying.

See, mother: see the sunset beyond the little hill.

Where we go hunting, they can go with us. In the meantime John was listening what his parents was saying. See, mother: see the sunset beyond the little hill. WHEN MARGARET CAME SOLTH.

Margaret Milholland was a little girl who lived in the North. She at last decided to come and visit her cousin. Mary, in the South. When Margaret got off the train, and saw all the colored people she said she did not think she was coming to Africa. Her cousin lauhed at her, Her uncle took her stead of going to get the word.

He did not say anything to Kathleen, but he was saying. He did not say anything to Kathleen, but he was saying. Where we coasted. I wonder if the boys think of me still!

Where we coasted. I wonder if the glad Christmas Day. Mother, may I take it with me when I go away?

The Httle hill was snowy when I lauhed at her. Her uncle took her stead of going to get the word.

MONITOR MERRIMAC

My Dear Girls and Boys:

I am anxious to explain to you how so much of your work was left out of the Bird Contest. You see, a great many children didn't remember the date that the contest closed, and sent their work in, much of it as late as a week after it was closed, so, of course, it was not published. I am just as sorry as I can be, because I know how anxious all of you were to take part.

Merrysong was very sad. She thought of the bright spring morning when she sung morning when she sung morning when she sung morning when she she window. Tom Trenton eagerly of Dick Dawson. Tom Trenton was a handsome boy about seventeen years old. He lived in Boston. He was the son of a wealthy old banker. Dick Dawson was twelve years of age, who was reading. The little girl had looked up the was a handsome boy of about seventeen years old. He lived in Boston. He was the son of a rich mine owner.

VALERIE DE MILHAU.

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

We were returning from Texas through St. Louis which is a trip of three days and three nights. Mother thought it would rest us all to stay one day and one night in St. Louis. We stayed at the Marquette Hotel, Right stayed at the Marquette Flotte. Figure across the street was a furniture store about one block long. We were all safely tucked in bed and fast asleep when we were awakened by an explo-sion. It sounded as if the hotel was being blown up by a bomb. We all ran to the window to see what was the matter. Flames were bursting from the building across the street. When we found we were in no danger, it was interesting to watch the firemen at work. We afterwards heard it had been blown up by some men for the insurance. By HELEN L. GOLDEN,

900 South Mendow Street.

Puzzle Department

GIRLS' NAMES.

18, 21, 20, 8,

(1) 18, 21, 20, 8. (2) 7, 18, 1, 35. (3) 10, 21, 4, 9, 20, 8. (4) 7, 1, 25 (5) 7, 12, 1, 4, 25, 19, (6) 5, 13, 13, 1, (7) 18, 15, 19, 1, 12, 9, 5, (8) 12, 21, 3, 25

(9) 5, 12, 12, 5, 14, (10) 22, 9, 18, 7, 9, 14, 91, 1, MARGARET ELLEN POINDENTER.

NAMES OF MY PETS IN FIGURES.

(1) 3, 12, 0. (2) 4, 15, 7. (3) 8, 15, 18, 19, 5. (4) 4, 21, 3, 11. (5) 3, 8, 9, 3, 11, 5, 13. (6) 7, 21, 9, 13, 5, 25, 18, EMMA C. REDD.

NAMES OF MOVIE STARS, IN FIG-URES. (1) 13, 1, 18, 25, 16, 9, 3, 11, 15, 18, 4, (2) 2, 12, 1, 14, 38, 5, 2, 21, 18, 11, 5, (3) 2, 12, 1, 14, 3, 8, 5, 19, 23, 5, 5, 20, (4) 12, 15, 20, 20, 9, 5, 16, 9, 3, 11, 18, 4

8, 4, 10, 1, 14, 5, 14, 15, 22, 1, 11, 7, 12, 14, 25, 19, 8, 21, 12, 12, 5, (7) 11, 1, 20, 8, 5, 18, 9, 14, 5, 11, 1, 5, 12, 18, 5, 4, (8) 22, 9, 18, 7, 9, 14, 9, 1, 16, 5, 1, 8, 19, 15, 14. (9) 12, 15, 21, 9, 19, 5, 8, 21, 6, 6, (10) 1, 14, 14, 1, 14, 14, 9, 12, 19, 19,

ELIZABETH LEWIS.

JUMBLES NAMES OF GIRLS. Nileve. Uolise. Cenilaro. Amgraert. Urht. Elzilatht.

BY THELMA RETNOLDS. NAMES OF FRUIT.

(1) 2, 1, 14, 1, 14, 14, 1.
(2) 15, 18, 1, 14, 7, 5,
(3) 1, 16, 16, 12, 5,
(4) 16, 5, 1, 3, 8,
(2) 7, 18, 1, 16, 5,
(6) 16, 12, 22, 13, 19,
(7) 1, 16, 18, 9, 3, 15, 20,
(8) 16, 5, 1, 18, 19,
(9) 3, 8, 5, 18, 18, 9, 5, 19,
(10) 7, 18, 1, 16, 6, 18, 22, 9, 20,
NANNIE L. FARRY.

STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL CAUGHT IN A STORM.

The sky was black, the clouds hung low, and the wind blew with a force that almost took the young girl off

She was trying to reach her twice from her book, and then she eighteen, with dark black hair. The the top of the mountain before the onday before the boys had been saying how nice it would be to take a tent, some provisions and an old negro man they knew to cook for them and camp out for a while. It was July. Tom's father had consented for him to go if storm overtook her.

Once more she looked up at "Sure, Tom, of course 1 can."

Though they did not know it, they so dark that she could scarcely sec.

"At last you are here, Mary, and now we will have to fly like the wind to get there in time," said John.

They arrived at school just in time, both out of breath after their hard with the package. Merrysong flew to her with the package still in her mouth. Mily run. They took their seats in the deed and the package still in her mouth. Milred recognized her lost pet.

"Merrysong:" Screamed the said of the hard down her back. John took the maid dipped them in his fands of the maid dipped them in his fands. "John Williams, kept in an hour after school, and five demerits given him," said the teacher, "and Sallle, go with Midred home. She flew by the side of her mistress, while the from which house and hair."

"Yes-s-maim," and poor Sallie left the from Midred was rapidly compass your hands and hair.

"Yes-s-maim," and poor Sallie left the from Midred was rapidly compass to your hands and hair.

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"Yes-s-maim," and poor Sallie left the from Midred was rapidly compass to your hands and hair, and ware the Grays.

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"Yes-s-maim," and poor Sallie left the from Midred was rapidly compass to your hands and hair.

"Yes-s-maim," and poor Sallie left the from Midred was rapidly went home by herself that evening.
When John came home he was ashamed to show his face.
"How could you behave so, John?"
And this is the beginning of a new session," said Mary. That wasn't the only day that Mary had to go home by herself, for John was very bad that year.

At 160 revery bad that wasn't the only day that Mary had to go home by year.

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At 160 reverbed a min time there lived a girl and started away when the lady called him back and asked him where he lived a girl and by the said he lived with an old of the form and started away when the lady called him back and his friends had won.

Sunday Dick and his friends had won.

They had a step-mother and a father. One night the parents were speaking that they were going to get when the lady called him back and asked him where he lived. He said he lived. He said he lived with an an exciting story, "Dick Dawson's would like it very much, so he went him whenever he lived a girl and started away when the lady called him back and his friends had won.

Sunday Dick and his friends had won.

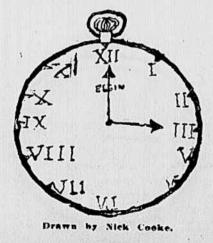
They had a step-mother and a father one night the parents were speaking that they were going to get when the lady called him back and asked him where he was ashamed to show his friends had won.

They had a step-mother and a father one night the parents were speaking that they were going to get with an exciting story. The lady asked him to come and live with her.

THOMAS KELLEY.

got well, and they lived happy ever afterwards.

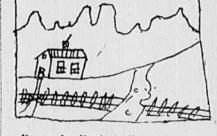
who five the course and visit her cousing Mary, in the South. When Margaret got off the train, and saw all the color ord people she said she did not think she was coming to Africa. Her outsel took her out on the farm, and after that she could on the farm, and after that she ren dimer. The house was a low stone building with big Colonial pillows and a big veranda all around it lows and a big veranda all around it was an about the what he heard the night her have left us here to get lost. He told her what he heard the night he shew and beyond all kinds of vines grawing and beyond all kinds of vines grawing so many. Margaret didn't know what she would come again. But she would come again, but she soon she would come again. But she would come again. The proposed how the she would come again. But she would she she she she she she she she she s







Drawn by Nannie Pittman.







Drawn by Gay Pollard.



Drawn by Philip Edias

